

IN THE WILDS OF PANAMA.

Travels of the Brigham Young Academy South American Exploring Expedition.

Beautiful City of David—Mixed Inhabitants—Travelers Down with Fever—Interesting Ruins—Country of Hidden Treasures—Fabulous Wealth Unearthed—People Live Well—Are Polite and Hospitable.

[Note.—The following communication from the exploring party was delayed in the mails and arrived too late to be published in its chronological order. It should have preceded the letter published last week.]

ALL visitors are delighted with David. It is a beautiful town, beautifully located on a wide plain. Its streets cross at right angles, and are kept clean; there are sidewalks also clean and well paved, and the houses, though all but one or two are one story, have a homelike appearance. They are one story because earthquakes sometimes visit these parts, and at such times a two story house is at a disadvantage. There are several large stores, two drug stores, and the town also enjoys the distinction of having a British and a French consul. There are no manufacturing establishments, yet a coarse cloth is made by the women, and hats of very good quality are made by both men and women. But the chief source of wealth lies in the agricultural products. Rice and corn are raised in abundance. Both grown side by side in the valley or on the hillside. To one accustomed to see rice in water during three months of its growth, the sight of a dry rice field is a little strange. Beans is another source of wealth. Hides and beef are also raised. Medicinal plants as cacti, and radishes are also exported. Panama is the market, and a coast steamer touches regularly at the port of Pedregal, a few miles from David.

MIXED INHABITANTS.

The inhabitants, though of mixed blood, have the white predominating. There is negro blood also mixed with the Indians, but not so much in the town as in the country. Between Bugaba and David I would venture to say that half the people have more or less African blood in their veins. This is accounted for by the fact that in the early days the Spaniards shipped in many slaves, who when freed remained, intermarrying with the Indians. We had decided on a three days' rest at David, and circumstances, entirely unlooked for forced us to take them. Through the mountains from San Marcos, Costa Rica, for nearly three weeks we were wet every day, sometimes because of the rivers we had to ford, or swim, sometimes because of the rain. This was too much of a strain on our systems, and before we reached the Rio Chiriqui Viejo, we were down with the fever. It was not bad, however, and did not delay our traveling, but rather relaxed, and for two days were on our backs. The people around were kind, bringing us such things as we were in need of. A couple of days of rest restored us, and by Sunday we were able to go out.

First we called on the Jefe militar, who assured us that so far as the government was concerned we would have a safe journey to Panama but he added, "There are bands of banditti, against which we cannot assure you." In talking afterwards, however, with a prominent revolutionist we were assured that no harm would befall us, and our journey would be perfectly safe so far as the revolutionists were concerned. The French consul proved to be very sociable, and his family very interesting. He talks a little English, and took no little interest in us and our trip. As a matter of double security, he kindly signed our papers and gave us on them his official seal. The English consul we met at Bugaba. He assured us that if he could do anything to aid us he would be pleased to place himself at our service. "There is no American consul here," he said, "so if I can act in the stead of one for you, I shall be pleased to do so."

Within forty miles of David, at a place called Boquete, is a homelike American colony of twenty families, mostly from California engaged in the coffee business. They declare, so I am informed, that the climate is similar to that of California, and that the place is as healthy.

INTERESTING RUINS.

But the ruins found in the district of Chiriqui interest us as much as the people now living. "Everywhere," says Mr. Genitt, a Californian whom we met at David, who is an enthusiast in archaeology, "are ruins to be found indicating that at one time at least in the world's history this country was densely populated. One day's drive from here are the ruins of an ancient city, and everywhere can be found mounds and graves." We had seen many of the mounds and so-called graves or guacas in our brief research, but did not know, of course, of their extent.

HIDDEN TREASURES.

In these graves, so called, for very seldom is found any sign of a skeleton, or that a body was ever there, much treasure is often found, principally golden ornaments and images, plates, cups, mugs, and various dishes of pure gold; images of various animals and birds, and it is said, the image of a horse have been found. The receptacles of this treasure are stone chests or boxes, built up of flat stones, then covered with a large flat stone or sometimes of two stones. In fact, they are placed in a chest similar to that in which the Prophet Joseph found the plates in the Hill Cumorah. Thus they are kept safe and dry. It is said that as much as seven hundred pounds of gold have been discovered in one chest. Throughout all this country at intervals these chests are found, and they are found as well in the region of the Cauca and Magdalena rivers.

On Monday morning early we were on our way stopping in town long enough to post some letters, buy some corn for our animals and some food for ourselves. We were a strange and interesting sight to the people. But the greatest interest of all was elicited when it was learned that we had come by land from San Jose de Costa Rica. The astonishment over the entire trip from the United States did not seem to be so great as that over the trip from San Jose. And then we had taken the ocean beach road, had crossed the Rio Grande de Tereba, and more still the Rio Chiriqui Viejo. All of these facts were passed from mouth to mouth by the wondering crowd. And now we were going to Panama! That fact was also a matter of comment, for it seemed to them that Panama was a long way off. The revolution did not seem to them, from what I could judge, so much an obstacle in our way as the long and bad roads.

Finally, we were away, and I suppose

have been in for weeks, with bad and muddy roads.

Soon, where we spent our last Sunday, is a beautiful little village, on the very tops of the hills, where a sort of mesa is formed, and everywhere the ground is covered with a carpet of green grass, kept clean by the constant rains that one could walk out with his carpet slippers without fear of getting them soiled. The houses are scattered promiscuously, every person building where seemed him good. A neat little garden, containing cane, bananas or plantains, corn, a mango tree or two, a gourd tree which furnishes cups to drink out of, and a few vegetables, surround each house, and contrast beautifully with the green grass. The houses are mostly thatched, without sides, or with sides of upright sticks as wide apart that plenty of fresh air is always admitted. But we must except three or four, the one we occupied being one, and the acting alcalde's, Senor Rafael Morgas' another, which were built of lumber, nailed by hand, and carried on mule back from the mountains a few miles away. Every body was sociable, and of course anxious to know who we were and where we were from. We gratified their curiosity, and increased their wonderment by answering their questions.

At 6 o'clock Monday we were in the saddle. Senor Rafael Morgas made us charges for our pasturage and house accommodations, and refused to take pay. We thanked him, bade him and his kind family good-bye, and as we passed the house of our washer woman bade her good-bye as well. In almost every house we passed people were at the door and called out "bien vias," a pleasant trip.

PEOPLE LIVE WELL.

At noon next day we reached Las Palmas, a neat little village, so named because of the great number of beautiful palm trees including coconuts growing about the village. Here we camped for noon, and drove to the house of Senor Reyes, a prominent citizen, from whom we enquired as to where the alcalde lived. Senor Reyes at once invited us to camp at his house, stating that the alcalde lived next door, at present was away, but would return in a few moments. We camped, and had no more than unpacked when the lady of the house asked us to have some refreshments. Before we left, dinner was ready, and we were invited. The meal consisted of tortillas, beans, soup, rice, meat and eggs, served in clean white plates, with knives, forks and spoons. We judged, as the meal was not prepared especially for us, that the people live well, and why not? A very little work and an abundance of the richest vegetables and most wholesome grains can be produced, and the abundance of grass suggests that meat and milk can be produced equally cheap. These people ought to get as good a table as any people in the world.

HOSPITABLE PEOPLE.

The people are also very hospitable and patient. No inconvenience seems to bother them. We often camp with them in their small huts. We kicked out their dogs and pigs, put our cots in a dry place and pile our packs where they, too, will be dry. We cook on their fire, using their wood and their water, which perhaps the woman has carried half a mile up a hill, and they take it all in good part, seemingly delighted to have us around. When we eat they often bring us some dainty dish, dainty to them, such as an egg or two, a plate of beans, or of rice, a piece of sugar, their sugar is something like our maple sugar, or a tortilla made from new corn, and invariably, which pleases us more than anything else, they beat their hungry dogs and cats away. The cost to us is nothing, but we always make some return gift, which invariably pleases them. I speak now of the poorer classes, the Indians. We passed through three pretty little Indian villages, one of which, Rio Jesus, interested us very much. As a rule the houses are built around a large open grass plot just at the edge of the forest. The grass plot seems to be the commons, for there are feeding the horses, cows, and pigs of the village. The houses are invariably of thatched roof of palm leaves, with sometimes no sides and at others sides made of upright sticks placed an inch apart. In one or two cases the sides are also thatched with palm leaves. Little children dressed in the modesty of nature were playing around the houses, while the women in many places were pounding or cleaning rice. The rice is also cleaned by hand. A log three feet long is hollowed out bowl shaped in one end, like a mortar, a pounder, consisting of a stick three or four feet long and weighing about ten pounds, is rounded on the ends and with this the hull is pounded off. The rice is afterwards cleaned either by a fan or the winds of nature if they are blowing. About two to three pounds are thus hulled at a time. The men



LIEUTENANT EDWARD A. BUMPUS.

AUTHENTIC PICTURE OF A BOLOMAN OF SAMAR AND SCENE OF THE REBELLION CORRECTLY PICTURED.

Stern measures for the subjection of the treacherous Bolomen of the island of Samar are to be adopted as a result of the recent massacre of company C of the Ninth United States Infantry. The treachery evinced on that occasion by the professedly friendly natives will cause the war department to mistrust even the most cordial advances in that region in the future and more United States troops are to be rushed to Samar to thoroughly subdue the treacherous rebels. Many prominent army men believe that Samar may give Uncle Sam trouble for years to come.

are off to the fields, if before noon, or if after are usually in a hammock or on the rough cane bed. Everybody works in the early morning, and usually everybody rests in the afternoon.

Yesterday we reached Santiago, the capital of the Veraguas district and a town of two thousand five hundred inhabitants. Here we found the first display of military power, there being three hundred soldiers stationed in town. They live off the people and drive in stock for slaughter at pleasure, never asking who is the owner and never offer pay. When they are to go out on a skirmish they take horses and mules at pleasure. The in-

habitants are in a semi-terrorized condition. But this is war in Colombia.

We called on the Prefecto, who informed us that there was in town an American, Nathaniel J. Hill, by name. We immediately hunted the gentleman up, and found a hearty welcome. He provided us with pasturage, for our animals, and a couple of rooms to camp in, sending over such little conveniences as chairs, lamps, water pitcher, etc. which we were in need of, and we were comfortably located to rest over Sunday.

BENJAMIN CLUFF, JR.

Santiago de Veraguas, Colombia, Aug. 24, 1901.

MONSTROUS SPIDERS OF COLORADO

Prof. E. T. Laughton has returned to his home in New York after spending in summer in exploring the mountains near Buena Vista, Colo., and investigating the habits of a species of monstrous spiders found in the middle Cottonwood Pass, says the Washington Star.

Little definite is known of these spiders, but around them has been gathered a mass of Indian legend and prospectors' yarns that rival those of Minchhausen. Many years ago these spiders lived in a cave easily reached by tourists. It was in a valley two miles north-east from Harvard City, then a thriv-

ing mining camp eight miles west of Buena Vista.

In 1880, a man named Shultz cut his way into the spiders' den. He did not return, and a week later a searching party found his body partly buried in the spiders' cave under a mass of fallen rock. As it would have required considerable timbering at an expense of several hundred dollars to recover the body, and as the man had no known relatives, it was left undisturbed. Shultz's skeleton is still in the cave, but the spiders have found another home further back in the mountains.

Some of the tales told about these spiders are given in an old letter which has just been found in Buena Vista. It says:

"A short distance out of Buena Vista there is a cave swarming with spiders of immense size, some of them having legs four inches in length and bodies as large as that of a canary bird. The cave was discovered in 1880 and was often visited by pioneers on their way to California, who obtained their webs for use in the place of thread."

"Early and late the cave resounds with a buzzing sound emitted by the spiders as they weave their webs. The webs were tested in 1871 and found to

be composed of silk of the finest quality. The skins of the spiders make good gloves, as they are pliable and require no tanning."

"A number were captured and tamed, and manifested great affection for all members of the family. They were far superior to a cat in exterminating rats and mice, following their prey into the holes in the walls and ceilings. One spider, kept as a pet by a Buena Vista lady, used to stay all night at the head of her bed acting as a sentinel."



30 Minutes

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CHICAGO, ILL., March 28, 1901.

I have used five bottles of your Wine of Cardui and as many packages of Thornd's Black-Draught and can say I have found great relief for my ailments. I have greatly recommended it to all my friends. Your medicine is in great demand at the neighborhood drug store.

Mrs. WILLIAM VOLLMER.

MOBILE, ALA., May 18, 1901.

I have used Wine of Cardui and it has given me relief. I used to suffer with my monthly periods, but now, since we have been using Wine of Cardui I never have a pain. I am married, and since using your medicine I have had a fine baby girl.

Mrs. EMMA JAMES.

Over 1,000,000 women, besides Mrs. Vollmer and Mrs. James have taken Wine of Cardui, and seldom, if ever, without benefit. You can get the same relief as they secured, if you pursue the same course. Try the Wine of Cardui treatment.

For advice and literature, address, giving symptoms, "The Ladies' Advisory Department," The Chastanooga Medicine Company, Chattanooga, Tenn.

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